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NBC

ADVERTISER **SUSTAINING**

WRITER

PROGRAM TITLE **UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS PLAY**

OK

CHICAGO OUTLET **WCFC**

(**12:00-2:00 PM**)

TIME

(**SEPTEMBER 18, 1955**)

DATE

(**THUR**)

DAY

PRODUCTION

ANNOUNCER

ENGINEER

REMARKS

ANNOUNCER: Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers.

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET: RANGER'S SONG

ANNOUNCER: Our National Forests are for the greater part covered with timber, but in the more sparsely timbered areas, in old burns, and in mountain meadows, rich grasses afford wonderful summer pasture for great herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, which come in from adjoining ranches or desert winter range.

On the Pine Cone District this spring one Jed Larkins brought his flock in from the desert early, and Bess Robbins, ranger Jim's wife, had to count the sheep into the Forest, during the absence of Jim from his headquarters. All summer Larkins' lambs have been fattening on the good forage of the Cloud Peak allotment, and they are now ready for market. At 10 o'clock in this morning Bess is sewing in the living room of the station and Jim is in the office busily writing. Here they are --

(TELEPHONE RINGS. REPEATS)

BESS: (OFF) Jim, why don't you answer that phone?

JIM: Oh! All right, Bess, I was -- (RINGS AGAIN) (WALKS TOWARD RECEIVER) Hello! Yes, this is Robbins. -- Hello Sam, what you got on your mind this morning? -- What's that? Jed Larkins is driving lambs across the cow range? -- What in thunder is he doing over there? -- Sure Sam, he knows the driveway. He went in over it. -- Yes, that's right. No, I didn't tell him he could go out that way with his lambs. Well, I didn't. -- Yes, sure, I'll be right over there. You let me handle it. I'll attend to it right now. Sam. You bet. -- so long.

BESS: Who was that?

JIM: Sam Riggs. - I'll have to go over toward the Box-O I guess. Always something! - I wanted to get out that report today.

BESS: (COMING UP) Want a lunch, Jim?

JIM: No, I b'lieve not, Bess. - I've got to see Mrs. Gay right away. I'll drop down there after I read the riot act to Larkins. - Maybe she'll give me a hand-out.

(TELEPHONE RINGS)

JIM: (TAKES DOWN RECEIVER) Robbins speaking - Why, hello, Mrs. Gay? I was just starting over that way - wanta talk to you about - What's that? - (PAUSE) I know all about that. Sam just phoned me - I'm coming right over. - Yes of course I'll attend to it. Larkins will have to go back. Yes, I'll see you then I expect. - Yes, good bye.

BESS: What's Mrs. Gay on the war path about?

JIM: Oh, she's found Larkins on her range, too. - Seems as though he's headin' down that old road toward the Box-O. Well, I'll have to get right over there before somebody starts a fight. Let me grab matches while I put on my breeches and boots. Will you Bess?

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

JIM: Stop along, dolly, old girl - Whatta you suppose is gonna off here now?

(LARGY VOICES OFF) (RETURN TO STAGE)

MRS. G: Well, you can't cross my bridge Larkins, so you can't go through my fence.

LARKINS: I've got to, Miz Gay. - There ain't no other way to get these lambs outa here.

MRS. G. You'll go back then where you belong. - I built this bridge across Roaring Fork just for the use of my tourists. - You can't cross it.

JIM: (COMING UP) Howdy, folks. - What's all the difficulty? Who's Dolly. (DISMOUNTS)

LARKINS: She won't let me cross this bridge with m' lambs Robbins. Ain't this bridge on the forest?

JIM: Yes, it's on National Forest land, but Mrs. Gay built it for her use under a special use permit. - What are you doing with lambs down here on this cow-range?

LARKINS: Takin' 'em to market, of course.

JIM: Why didn't you bring 'em out over the driveway?

LARKINS: 'Cause this way was closer to Willow Glen. I'm going to ship 'em from there.

JIM: But you brought them right through the middle of the cow range. We can't allow anything like that. - Why didn't you say something to me about it before you started out with them?

LARKINS: I stopped to see you the other day when I drove to the Glen to order m' cars, but there wasn't anyone to home.

JIM: You could have stopped or phoned later, couldn't you?

LARKINS: 'Twasn't necessary. I dropped in to see the Supervisor. He said it's be Jake to fetch 'em out this way.

JIM: Ellsworth told you that?

LARKINS: He sure did.

JIM: I don't like to dispute your word Larkins but the Supervisor would not give you permission to bring your sheep through here, I feel positive of that.

LARKINS: Well, jest call him up and ask 'im. You'll find out it's so, just the same -

JIM: I intend to as soon as I can get to a 'phone. You hold those sheep right there for the present.

LARKINS: Naw, I reckon, I'll fetch 'em on thro. I've monkeyed around long enough. (SHEEP BAA'S) They're about here now.

MRS. G: Jim, are you going to let him go on through?

JIM: Larkin, I reckon it'd be wise for you to go a little slow. You're in more of a jam than you think you are.

LARKINS: I ain't in no jam. I got the big boss's word for it that I kin go through an' I'm agoin' through. - (SHEEP BLEATING IN DISTANCE)

MRS. G: Well, you just start those scollies across that bridge and see how far you can go. I'll shoot the first sheep that pokes its nose - (SCREAMS AS SHE GALLOPS OFF) And I'll keep on shooting -

JIM: (SHOUTS) Wait! Wait, Mrs. G! - Don't shoot.

LARKINS: (SHOUTS) Hey, watch out - Hey Jack -

JIM: (RIDING UP) Have you gone mad Gaysia? Put up that gun.

MRS. G: (ANGRILY) No sheep herder is going to run over me. - Take back those sheep. Don't you come near my land.

LARKINS: (SHOUTS) Hold 'em up Juan. Hold 'em. (THREATENING) What a'gins mean pullin' a gun on me?

MRS. G: I mean business Larkins. I've stood all I'm going to. Sam Riggs trailed his cattle through me last spring and got away with it, but you put one hoof on my ranch and I promise you trouble and plenty of it.

JIM: Now don't be hasty, Mrs. Gay. -

MRS. G: Don't you try to talk me out of it Jim Robbins. You fellows think because I'm a woman you can run over me. - I'll show you -

LARKINS: Mr. Robbins you're the law around here take that gun away from 'er.

JIM: No Larkin, but I am placing you under arrest for trespass -

LARKIN: You ain't got no warrant -

JIM: I don't need one in an emergency of wilful criminal trespass. I am arresting you to protect the National Forest from damage and you from harm. I think I'll take your herder too.

LARKIN: (ALARMED) Aw yah can't do that Mr. Robbins. My lambs'd scatter

JIM: Mrs. Gay will you send me one of your men up to herd these sheep 'till we can get another herder?

MRS. G: Ask my cow boys to herd sheep? Say, do you think -

LARKINS: Please don't take my herder - I'll lose my lambs - a stranger wouldn't hold 'em.

JIM: Well, we've got to stop this bluffing and get down to business. Can I depend on this man to hold the sheep where they are?

LARKINS: Yeah, he's a good man, he'll do what I tell him to.

JIM: All right, call him over here - I'm going to take you in and ask to have you put under bond. If I can depend on him he stays with the sheep - otherwise he goes too.

LARKINS: (CALLS) Hey, Juan - come 'ere -

JUAN: (OFF) Si Senor (HORSE APPROACHING STOPS)

JIM: Tell him to hold the sheep where they are. Not to move them 'till we get back.

LARKINS: You savvy Juan - I go get orders to bring the lambs.

JUAN: Si Senor.

JIM: Give him direct orders. Tell him not to move the sheep.

LARKINS: You savvy Juan - you stay - I got get orders - you bring the sheep.

JUAN: Si si - he savvy.

JIM: You come with me, Mrs. Gay.

MRS. G: Not on your life. I'm going to stay right here and see that he don't move an inch.

LARKINS: Oh Miz Gay you can depend he'll do what I tell him.

JIM: Yeah and I need you for a witness.

MRS. G: Well, I don't know - how about it, Larkins, you stay right here?

JUAN: Si si Senor.

MRS. G: You're sure?

JUAN: Si si.

MRS. G: All right then let's go -

(SOUND OF HORSES WALKING)

MRS. G: But I don't like that hombre. I don't like the way he grinned when he said si, si.

LARKIN: Oh, he's a good herder. He'll do just what I tell him.
MRS. G: (EMPHATICALLY) Well, tell him again not to move those sheep.
LARKIN: All right. (CALLS) Hey, Juan, You savvy. Hold the lambs.
I go get order for you to bring them.
JUAN: (OFF) Si si.

(FADEOUT MUSIC)

(FADEIN SOUND OF MOTOR)

JIM: Well, here we are back at the ranch. We made quick time Mrs. Gay.
MRS. G: Yes - Larkin got those bondsmen so quick I'm kind of suspicious of them.
LARKIN: They're good for the money Miz Gay and don't you fergit it.
MRS. G: Well, so far as I'm concerned we don't need a bond if you do what you promised the judge you would do.
LARKIN: I allers aim to keep my word Miz Gay, as near as I kin.
(MOTOR STOPS)
MRS. G: I'll have the horses brought up so we can go right on to camp. I want to see those sheep headed up the creek before dark.

(SLAMS CAR DOOR)

LARKIN: Miz Gay what's the chances gettin' a bite to eat? I ain't had a bite since 'fore daylight.
MRS. G: Sure, come into the house and we'll have a little snack while the boys are saddling the horses. You coming Jim?

JIM: (OFF) Don't care if I do. I didn't have time to get anything to eat while we were in town.

MRS. G: It won't take Wong but a minute to fix up something. Just go right in. (FOOTSTEPS ON THE PORCH...DOOR CLOSES) Go right into the living room gentlemen and make yourselves comfortable. You will find cigars and cigarettes on the stand. There's whiskey and soda and glasses underneath.

LARKINS: Thanks, Miz Gay, thanks.

MRS. G: And if you will excuse me, I'll go arrange for lunch.

JIM: Certainly.

(DOOR CLOSES)

LARKINS: Nice woman, this Miz Gay.

JIM: Yes she is, Larkins and a square shooter if you treat her right but I'd advise you not to double cross her for she'll sure give you a battle.

(FADEOUT)

(FADEIN)

JIM: That was a very nice lunch Mrs. Gay.

LARKINS: It sure was. Jest hit the spot. And now would yuh care if I smoked another one of them cigars?

MRS. G: No indeed, help yourselves. Jim, won't you have one?

JIM: No thank you Mrs. Gay. I'm anxious to get started.

MRS. G: So am I and the horses are all ready so let's go.

(DOOR OPENS...FOOTSTEPS ON PORCH)

JIM: We're going to have to hurry -

MRS. G: (SHARPLY) Listen! (PAUSE) Do you hear sheep?

JIM: I sure do. Larkin, what does this mean?

LARKINS: I dunno - it sure sounded like sheep.

MRS. G: (GOING OFF) Come on -

JIM: (COMING UP) Take it easy now Mrs. Gay. Don't get excited.

(CLATTER OF HORSES RUNNING)

(SOUND OF SHEEP GROWING LOUDER)

(HORSES STOP)

JIM: Juan, what are you doing here? Why did you move these sheep?

JUAN: Si Senor Robbins. Larkin he say he get order bring sheep - I bring.

LARKIN: No, you got me wrong - you no savvy.

JUAN: Si si - me no savvy -

MRS. G: (ANGRILY) You no savvy - it was all a trick Larkin. I'll get my cowboys and teach you a lesson -

JIM: No, no, Mrs. Gay - don't do that. We have this bond. You can collect full damages.

MRS. G: Damages? Who cares about damages? I don't want his money. It's the principle of the thing. I've been tricked - my property overrun, my rights ignored. I tell you I won't stand for it. I hold you responsible Jim Robbins. You have thwarted me at every turn.

JIM: I'm sorry Mrs. Gay. You have every reason to be angry but the lawful course is best in the end. As for you Larkins I can confidently say that you will not secure grazing privileges on a National Forest again.

(FADEOUT...MUSIC)

Page 11

ANNOUNCER: The management of grazing on the open range presents many difficult situations but it has substituted the rule of law for the rule of might which was the rule of the range in the early days. Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers will be with you again next Friday. This program was presented by the NBC with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

fb/9:20 AM
9/10/35

